Wichita Eagle

OF FAIR WOMEN'S CLUBS.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK POSSESSES SEVERAL THAT ARE NOTABLE.

Sorosis, the Mother Club of All, and Its Eminent Members—The New York Woman's Club—The Meridian Club—The Working Girls' Club—The Twinkle Club.

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The Twinkle club—doesn't the name suggest sparkling conversation, full of epigrams and repartee and bright stories? It means all that, and much more that is equally enjoyable, according to the enthusiastic accounts of the little company of women who have banded themselves together under that name. It is the youngest and, if the aforesaid women are to be judged unbiased witnesses, the brightest and most enjoyable woman's club in the city of New York. Between its methods and purposes and the methods and purposes of Sorosis—the oldest woman's club in the United States—there is a wide difference—a difference which illustrates very vividly the change there has been in women's clubs, and women, too, since Sorosis was formed, twenty-two years ago.

Sorosis is, and has always been, a club for mental improvement, and it is about as far removed from the masculine idea of a club as the average woman of the last generation was removed from the average man in her ideas, occupations, sympathies and ambitions. Sorosis has had its internal storms, three or four of them, each one of which has threatened to break the club into several small, but bright and happy, companies. But it has kept itself intact, and has come out of every one of them stronger than before. During all last winter it had a long continued earthquake over the question of whether or not it shall have a club house, and start out at this late day to be a club after the masculine idea thereof. Some of the members have been strongly in favor of leasing a large and expensive house, fitting it up into reception rooms, bedrooms, libraries and a restaurant, and starting out at club housekeeping in the most approved style. But the idea has been bitterly opposed by some of the most influential members because they think the club is not yet ready financially to take so important a step. However, those in favor of a house won, and by and by Sorosis will probably maintain with matronly dignity an establishment of as much consequence as the Union League or the Lotos.

Among the best known members of Sorosis, who are seen at its monthly luncheons and discussions at Delmonico's or at its annual dinner, at which men of national reputation enjoy the club's hospitality and join in brilliant after dinner speeches, are Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, the president; Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, Mrs. "Marion Harland" Terhune, Olive Thorn Miller, Mary Kyle Dallas, Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner, Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, Dr. Jennie Loitor, Mrs. "Jenny June" Croly, Mrs. "Grace Greenwood" Lippincott.

The Working Girls' club is probably the largest and most influential woman's club in New York. In the parent club, and in the several branches that have been organized in different parts of New York and adjacent cities, there must be a membership, all told, approaching a thousand. Miss Grace Dodge is the chief officer of the parent club, the originator of the idea and the constant and zealous watcher of all its interests. She is loved and revered by all the members as seldom falls to the lot of any woman. The parent organization has a club house of its own, and the several branches have club rooms that are not only cozy and cheerful, but are useful in many practical ways.

The Meridian club would have been more appropriately, if less elegantly, named had its founders called it the "Mum" club, for its members never tell anything that happens at its meetings. And a year ago last winter it even declined Sorosis' invitation to the convention of women's clubs because reporters were to be admitted. Its membership is limited to thirty, and these are elected in the alphabetical order of their names. There is no permanent president, but at each meeting a temporary chairman is chosen, the members taking service in alphabetical order. The club meets at the houses of its members, and its aim is supposed to be social enjoyment, with intellectual development and a dash of philanthropy thrown in. Each member can invite guests as many and as often as she likes, provided each one will make a solemn promise before she enters its doors never, never to tell what she is about to see and hear.

The Society for Political Study is a very serious and hardworking club. During the winter season it spends one afternoon a week discussing such questions as taxation, the tariff, state aid to education, wages, the relations between labor and capital, and similarly weighty subjects. Mrs. T. B. Wakeman is president, and Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson is one of its active members. Moncure D. Conway once lectured before the club, and has nothing but words of high praise and admiration for its work and the ability of its members.

The Woman's Art club is not yet two years old, but is already active and vigorous. It was formed with the intention of making it primarily of professional usefulness, and the success it has already attained is proof that artistic talent may exist along with practical capacities. No amateurs are admitted—only professional artists who have had pictures in public exhibitions. At first its only intention was to meet at the studios of the members and discuss and criticise one another's work. But with organization and a beginning the plan broadened, and they saw before them the possibility of important and very helpful work. As a result they held their first exhibition of paintings last March. It was a very quiet and private affair, but one that was surprising, to all who had the good fortune to receive invitations, in the excellence of the work shown. The number of members is limited to forty, at present, of whom about thirty have been admitted. Its rules are few, its financial demands small and its methods cautious, conservative and quiet. Among its members are Miss Grace Fitz Randolph, president; Miss Dora Wheeler, Miss Ellen Day Hale, Miss Maria J. C. a'Becket, Miss Frances Hunt Throop, Miss E. S. Cheever and Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols.

The clubs that were organized last winter are very different from any that had previously come into life. They are more like men's clubs in both purposes and methods, and they seem to show that women have taken a long step in the evolution of the club idea.

First came the Woman's Press club, which, after fluttering undecidedly for some time over the brink of intellectual development and feminine teas, at last came to the conclusion that it didn't want to be developed, and would have none of recitations and readings, set papers and formal discussions. It settled down to business, and is principally devoted at present to the advancing of the professional interests of its members. It has a social meeting once a month, which gives its members opportunity to make one another's acquaintance and at which it entertains guests. It proposes, as early in the future as its finances will permit, to have a permanent home in club rooms, cheerfully furnished and centrally located. At present it meets in the office rooms of one of its members. So it will be seen that the Woman's Press club is as nearly as possible the feminine counterpart of men's press club organizations.

Next after this came the Ladies' New York club, which is organized after the very same pattern as men's clubs usually are. It has a club house, with bedrooms, reception and reading rooms, and a restaurant. This latter particular was added after the most doleful prophesies of failure by all the club men who had friends among the members. The club would simply sink a lot of money in it and handicap itself at the start. It was a common thing for restaurants in men's club houses to fail, and for a restaurant in a woman's club house to succeed—the idea was preposterous! But the restaurant paid its own way from the start, and in three months was making a profit. The club intends to have occasional exhibitions of needlework, jewels and interesting relics. Telegrams, letters and parcels are received and cared for, and in all respects this club aims to furnish its members with the same conveniences to be had by the members of the average men's club. It was organized last November, and its membership is already very large.

The Women's University club corresponds in purpose and scope with the Men's University club so closely that almost the only difference is to be found in its occasional afternoon teas. It has handsome club rooms in the Barnard college building on Madison avenue, in which is to be found every temptation for loitering away an idle hour or two, for reading or meeting friends. The club is purely social, and proposes to let the rest of the world "gang its ain gait" just as it pleases.

The Twinkle club is very young, very lively and very enthusiastic. It is formed closely after the plan of the Twilight club, except that it is small and wishes to remain so, and has even fewer formalities than that famously informal organization. It is an eating and a talking club only, with a membership limited, for the present at least, to the eight women who started it. They meet once a month at a quiet restaurant, dine and talk for three, four or five hours. Each one pays for her own plate, and then they go away and tantalize all their friends by telling them what a good time they have had. It has no dues, no rules, no constitution, no officers, no red tape of any kind. The members, who are allowed to bring guests to some of the meetings, gather around the table, tell their best stories, swap their best jokes, exchange their best thoughts, have animated discussions over all sorts of questions and say many bright things. The membership is mainly of professional women, and includes two or three gray haired and matronly ladies, who enter into its spirit with quite as much zest as any of the younger women.

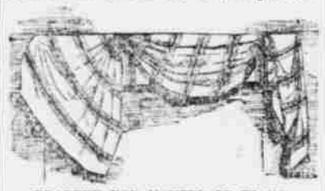
The members of the Twinkle club consider it not only the last but the highest evolution of the woman's club idea in New York.

FLORENCE FINCH-KELLY.

Artistic Drapery.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

An inexpensive and artistic scarf for mantel or piano top can be made of striped cheese cloth; shades of dark green or blue, edged with yellow, with broad spaces between the cream tint of the stuff. One width of the material is stretched plainly and smoothly along the mantel; one-half hangs over the edge in front to form an under lambrequin be-



DRAPERY FOR MANTEL OR PIANO.

neath the upper drapery. A second length is used for the looping. Fasten this along the edge of the board with strong thread or a row of gilt head tacks. Make the looping of the vallance at the points as shown in the cut, by laying a series of plaits in the material. Draw these together quite closely and secure firmly to the shelf. Finish the ends with small silk tassels. The stripes crossing in different directions is the charm of this stuff, as it gives an oriental effect in a room where the wood tints are the soft tones of green, red, yellow or oak brown.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

The physical degeneracy of women reached its climax twenty-five years ago. We are now on the up grade again. Twenty-five years more will see a vast difference for the better in the health and strength of the average woman.

Sixteen Hours On.

Dashaway (contemptuously)—Are you going to wear that suit all winter?

Cleverton—No. I expect to take it off nights.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Crazy.

She (in the cemetery)—What a crazy looking monument.

He—Yes; it's off its base.—Yankee Blade.

The Only Universal Language.

Though sages aver 'tis a matter quite new—
This language they call universal;
This "Volapuk" people are worrying through,
With study and patient rehearsal.

But there is another as old as the stars
And open to each human creature;
The secret it tells that makes lives or else mars
And is learned without aid from a teacher

'Tis the pressure of hands or the glance of the eye,
The blushes some presence will kindle.
This language tells volumes by means of a sigh;
Its resources make Volapuk dwindle.

—Washington Post.

A WOMAN PREACHER.

Sketch and Portrait of the Rev. Louise Baker.

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The old North church of Nantucket, established more than a century and a half ago, in 1883 was in a condition the reverse of prosperous. Affairs were at such a low ebb that they were unable to have a regular pastor, and when Miss Louise Baker, who was in the habit of giving Bible readings and speaking in the interest of temperance, went there to spend the summer in her old home the trustees of the church asked her to

REV. LOUISE BAKER.

speak for them for a few Sundays. Her talks—she did not call them sermons—were so admirable for their unity, perspicuity and brevity that a constantly increasing audience came to hear her, and she was soon invited to become the stated supply.

As time went on the young evangelist grew more and more popular. Seven and eight hundred people went every Sunday to hear her and, although she was not an ordained minister, she not only preached the word, but comforted the dying and those who were laying their dead away, and helped many souls to new hope and courage. She could not, however, administer the sacrament nor baptize those who through the influence of her preaching desired to join the church. But notwithstanding this the church rapidly increased in membership and financial resources.

She had taken a thorough course in theology, and the church which she had saved from disintegration demanded for her formal recognition. This was, however, refused by the general assembly of Congregational ministers, and the church therefore resolved to ordain Miss Baker independent of that body. The ceremony of her installation was quaint and simple, the venerable Deacon Folgar officiating, and the newly ordained pastor preaching her own ordination sermon.

Not only a powerful preacher, able to help humanity to a clearer moral sense and higher ideal, Miss Baker is also a writer of most graceful and subtle poetry and vigorous, clear sentenced prose. Her latest work is a volume of poems called "By the Sea." Gentle, earnest and modest she writes as she speaks, with ease but with a force which touches the heart and inspires to nobler effort.

ANTOINETTE VAN HOESEN.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

A Picturesque Italian Woman and Her American Girl Critics.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

The other morning an Italian woman came into a car of a New York elevated train. She was rather short in stature, deep of chest and shoulder and strong of arm. When she walked it was with a long, firm step that gave you an impression of magnificent physical strength and endurance. Her hair was combed smoothly from her brown forehead and wound in heavy, splendid purple-black braids around her head. She was bare headed. What head covering needed she, either for use or beauty? She wore long gold ear pendants, and was dressed in white lawn, pink flecked. Her gown, her white apron, the handkerchief tucked into her belt were all immaculately clean. Her eyes were black and full of fun, and she looked straight before her. The woman might have posed in a painting, so pleasant and picturesque was she to look upon. Seeing her you somehow thought of the olive orchards and mulberry groves of Italy, of the Mediterranean green and violet shimmering in the sun. But mark you! So near this wholesome, picturesque creature that she could have heard them if she had understood sat two American girls, and "made fun" of her, audibly and pointedly. They nudged one another and giggled, and commented on the Italian woman to a young man with them. The girls were skinny creatures, with horribly fitting false teeth, with cheap shoes that had tremendously high heels, pointed toes and part of the buttons split off. They had their waists pinched till they looked like wasps, and they were bedizened with finery warranted not to wash or wear. The structures upon their heads were covered with false flowers to a great height, and the little knobs of dingy hair upon both their heads would not have made one of the Italian woman's splendid purple-black braids. Their chests were narrow and hollow, their arms like broomsticks. They were the clear type of the common, ignorant, shallow, narrow minded American girl. Yet they sat there and looked down from infinite heights of self satisfaction upon the spotlessly clean Italian woman, picturesque, powerful, useful. The Lord have mercy on them!

It was in 1830 that Harriet Martineau was in America and wrote home that there were only seven occupations open to women in America. Now there are 500 and more.

There is no sadder sight than to see a talented, lively, independent girl get good and tame and conventional as she grows older.

A leading dry goods merchant of Kokomo, Ind., is Miss "Minnie" Trueblood. Why "Minnie?"

Checkley says that nearly all women turn their toes inward when they walk. Do they? ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Banter.

Chicago Hotel Clerk (after Mr. Blossom, of St. Louis, has registered)—Don't blow out the gas, Mr. Blossom.

Blossom—Gas! Haven't you got electricity in this slow town yet!—New York Sun.

Endeavoring to Spoil Him.

"Your father spoils you, Willie."

"You'd have thought he was trying to if you'd seen him lay the ruler on this morning," returned Willie.—New York Evening Sun.

WHERE SHE COMES.

With heavy elders overhung,
Half hid in clover masses,
An old fence rambles on, among
The tangled meadow grasses.
It makes a shade for lady fern
Which nestles close beside it;
While clematis, at every turn,
And roses almost hide it.

In shade of overhanging sprays
And down a sunny hollow,
By hazel copse, and woodland ways,
The winding fence I follow;
By rose and thorn and fragrant dew,
In search of something sweeter—
The orchard gap, where she comes through,
And I go down to meet her!

The sunlight slants along the fence,
Where lichens gray it over,
And stirs a hundred dreamy scents
From fern and mint and clover;
But though the air is sweet today
I know of something sweeter:
That she can only come this way,
And I am sure to meet her!

And so, while chipmunks run a match
To tell the wrens who's coming,
And all across the brier patch
There sounds a drowsy humming—
The hum of honey seeking bees—
I seek for something sweeter:
A gap amongst the apple trees,
Where I am going to meet her!

—Charles B. Going in Scribner's.

A SPECTRE HELMSMAN.

In the summer of 1839 the ship Vulcan, under the command of Capt. Isaac Johnson, was on her homeward bound passage from the Indies with half a cargo of tea, and she stopped at Cape Negro, on the coast of Benguela, after a lot of ivory to make up her load. Having gone on shore at the Cape the captain learned from the native contractor that he would have to go some fifteen miles up the Cannibal's river, as the elephant hunters had all the boats further up in the country, so that consequently they had not been enabled to bring the ivory down.

Capt. Johnson was somewhat disappointed at this cause for delay, but without waiting to find useless fault he determined to man his own boats and proceed at once up the river. It required four trips to bring all the ivory down, but as they had opportunity to take advantage of the slight tides the task was accomplished in four days. On the last trip the captain went himself, leaving the first mate in charge of the ship, and on arriving at the small village where the ivory was stored he was not a little surprised to find that nearly all the miserable huts were deserted. Several times Capt. Johnson inquired the meaning of this, but the natives were either unable or unwilling to give any plain answer, and it was not until the last lot of tusks had been conveyed to the boats and the natives had been remunerated for their labor that the least clew could be obtained as to the cause of this strange desertion, and then for the first time the captain received the startling intelligence that the cholera was sweeping down the river!

As soon as this fact became known to the seamen they wildly huddled into their boats, as though the fearful death angel was at their heels, and silently, yet with powerful strokes, they pulled down the fatal stream. At length they reached their ship, and though they breathed somewhat more freely as they trod their own deck, yet each countenance bore the stamp of deep fear. The ivory was soon got on board, and with all haste the old Vulcan was got under way. It was nearly night when the ship got off, and with a good breeze from the northward and eastward she stood well on her course. On the next morning, shortly after breakfast, and while the crew had begun to think that they had no occasion for further fear, a young man named Walter Addison was taken suddenly sick.

Young Addison was the favorite both of the officers and the crew, and as it was reported that he was thus ill a general consternation seized upon all hands. The young man felt at first a giddiness and a sickly chill, and in the course of two hours he sank into an alarming debility, the countenance assuming a deadly paleness and his skin bearing all the appearance of a corpse. Poor Addison suffered till noon, and then the startling announcement went through the ship that he was dead.

This was the first, but who should be the next? A panic had seized upon the men; the cholera was with them, and none dared remove the form of their dead shipmate from his berth. Night approached, and with it came an almost dead calm, but the corpse still remained in the forecastle, nor did the men dare to go thither. The captain urged that the longer presence of the body would breed more dangerous contagion, but the only answer he received was a mournful shake of the heads about him.

At length, finding that all arguments were useless, he turned to his mate and asked him if he would assist himself in throwing the body of the dead man overboard. The mate at first hesitated, but in a moment he signified his consent, and together himself and the captain went down into the forecastle. They dared not remain long enough with the corpse to sew it up, nor even to attach to it a sinking weight, but throwing over it a single blanket, they managed to get it upon deck and lay it across the bulwark of the starboard bow. A moment Capt. Johnson hesitated—he opened his lips, breathed a prayer for the soul of the departed, and then, while a shudder ran over his frame, he let the cold form of young Walter Addison slide into the blue water! Instinctively he cast his eyes over the side as the deed was done, and by the pale phosphorescent light he could just see the corpse sink, then rise and sink again, and then with a heavy step and a still heavier heart he walked aft.

The first watch had been set, but the other watch dared not go below, and huddling themselves beneath the long boat they sought the repose which they feared to seek where their companion had died; but each seemed to fear his neighbor, for none knew where the contagion might be. At 11 o'clock the slight breathings of the air, which seemed for the last few hours to have had no settled point, began to gather more force from the northward and westward, and ere long a good fresh breeze filled the ship's canvas and started her through the water. The wind continued to increase, and before midnight all hands were called to take in the top-gallantsails. At 12 o'clock the mid watch was set, and all hands were for a few moments brought in contact with each other. No further symptoms of the dreaded pestilence had appeared, and they began to take hope.

It was half past 12 o'clock. An old seaman named Phil Shippen had the helm, while the remainder of the watch were either in the gangway or else forward. The wind continued fresh, but yet steady, and the old ship was close hauled upon it, lying some two points off from her true course. The ship's bell was suspended over the binnacle, and old Shippen reached over and struck the first half hour after midnight. He had just resumed his position, and was gazing intently at the compass, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and on turning around he beheld by the struggling beams of the binnacle lamp the pale, deathly features of Walter Addison!

For an instant the old sailor remained rooted to the spot, and then, uttering a sharp cry of fear, he let go the wheel and darted forward. In a moment the ship began to fall off, and as she brought the flat surface of broad canvas to the wind she heeled over alarmingly; but soon the pale specter that had frightened the helmsman from his post caught the wheel, and laid the helm hard down, and ere long the ship was once more to the wind.

Shippen's cry had started all hands from their listlessness, for they thought the cholera fiend had assailed him, but from his broken ejaculations they soon learned what was the matter, and in a body they crowded aft, and by the dim light from the binnacle they saw the specter helmsman! Every knee trembled, and every tongue clove to the roof of its mouth. None dared to approach him, nor did any move back. At this juncture the captain came on deck. His eye caught the corpse like form that still held the wheel, and he, too, was riveted to the spot where he stood.

"Shipmates, relieve me from here, or I shall faint. I am cold and weak!" at length came from the lips of the seeming specter, in faint, agonized tones.

Capt. Johnson hesitated an instant, and then he rushed forward and laid his hand upon the trembling form before him. It was cold and wet, but he knew that it was a living man. One after another of the men gathered about, and before long all knew that young Walter Addison still lived. The captain had him conveyed to the cabin, where everything that could be thought of was administered for his comfort, and it was not long before he sufficiently revived to give an account of his strange escape from the cold, deep grave to which he had been consigned.

It seemed that young Addison had fallen into that deathlike lethargy which not infrequently results from sudden cholera, and which, as all who are acquainted with the disease must be aware, so nearly resembles death that even the best physicians have been deceived by it. The sudden immersion in the cold water had revived his dormant senses, and as the ship had but a slight motion at the time he came to a partial realization of his situation before she had passed him, and by considerable exertion he managed to get hold of the rudder chains. He tried to call for assistance, but his tongue was so swollen that he found it impossible, and after remaining upon the chains long enough to regain more strength he worked his way up till he got hold of the lanyards of the cabin dead lights.

From thence he reached the lashings of the stern boat, but here weakness again overpowered him, and after working his way into the boat he remained some time insensible, but at length he revived and came on board. He had tried to speak, but he could not. When the helmsman fled from the wheel he had sense enough to see the ship's danger, and from the impulse of a sort of instinct he seized the wheel and brought her up to the wind.

The morning dawned, and the next day passed, then another, and another, but the death fiend came not again! He had lost his first intended victim and he left the ship in peace.—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

He Got the Job.

Farmer Crane, who lives over on the town line, has some very unique methods of examining the men who apply to him from time to time for work.

One evening a tall, big boned fellow, in his shirt sleeves, asked Crane if he had any work to do.

"I don't know," said the farmer. "Can you tend horses?"

"Yes, indeedy. I've worked about horses all my life."

"Come around here to the pump," said Crane, and he led the way to a common sucker rod pump near the barn. Going inside he got a long, narrow pitcher, and placed it under the spout. "There," said he, "pump that pitcher full of water." The big boned fellow complied, carefully pumping the pitcher full without spilling a single drop.

"That'll do," said Crane. "Go inside and get ready for supper; I'll give you a job in the morning."

About a week later the big boned fellow asked Crane what pumping the pitcher full of water had to do with his getting a job.

"Well, I'll just tell you. This is mighty dry weather, and water is getting scarce. You must have thought that far, for you didn't spill any water. If you hadn't pumped hard the water would have been spilled, and if you had pumped too hard the water would have gone over the pitcher. Now, the way I argue is this: if a fellow don't pump hard enough he won't work hard enough. If he pumps too hard he'll work too hard for a little while, and I don't want either kind to work for me. You pumped exactly right, and you got a job."—Toledo Blade.

What About Making Them at All?

"Nature," says Scappleton, "never makes a mistake."

"Oh, I don't know about that; look at the dude."

"Yes; but she didn't waste any brains on him."—Washington Post.

And They Fell with D——l T——da.

Mr. Newdollar—Heavens! what is that noise in the hall?

Mrs. Newdollar—Nothing, my dear; only the new English butler dropping his h's.—Life.

How to Get Lost.

Briggs—I wish I could get rid of that confounded cat of mine. I've tried every way, but she always turns up.

Griggs—Send her to the laundry with your collars and cuffs.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Very Likely.

"Did you ring for the elevator boy?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"I guess he's making up his mind what he'll do about it."